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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER



THE DRAMATIC
CONCLUSION TO
THE HIT FILM
STARRING
HARRISON FORD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL

BLADE RUNNER™

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, WHERE FOUR REPLICANTS--BIO-ORGANIC IMPROVEMENTS OVER OLD-FASHIONED ANDROIDS--ARE IN REBELLION...AND RICK DECKARD HAS BEEN FORCED OUT OF RETIREMENT TO HUNT THEM DOWN.

"My old boss, Captain Bryant, had me after the **ANDRUS SIX**...top of the line, superior to humans as warriors or laborers, and just about undetectable.

"I found that out when I tested a girl named **RACHEL** at the Tyrell Corporation where they're manufactured.

"I learned a lot **MORE** when I terminated the female rep, Zhora...and got **GARIBOLDI** by her buddy **LEON**. I learned. But maybe not in **TIME**."

THEY GIVE US **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE, **BLADE RUNNER**...? THAT'S MORE THAN YOU GOT!

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A LADD COMPANY RELEASE IN ASSOCIATION WITH SIR RUN RUN SHAW
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For quite a while we just walked. Silent Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

YODAKA. WAIT HERE. I'LL FIND A VENDOR.

"What I also found was GAFF."

Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd. I didn't think he'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."

"His main interest seemed to be hustling me over to **BRYANT**."

GEEZ, DECKARD! YOU LOOK ALMOST AS BAD AS THAT FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU SENT FLOWIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW DISPLAY. ALMOST.

YOU GET THE CALL ON THE BIG ONE... **LEON**...?

BET YOUR BUTT. **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT! YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY, GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER - SQUAD!

TWO, BRYANT. THAT'S **TWO** TO GO. YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT! LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!

RIGHT / THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S** HAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE**, DECK.

HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR ME, PAL. LET'S GO, GAFF."

"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Jeff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."



SHAKES.
I GET 'EM TOO.
BAD. IT'S PART
OF THE
BUSINESS.



I'M NOT ~~IN~~
THE BUSINESS.

I **AM** THE
BUSINESS.



"There wasn't much to say after that. We did a lot of listening to the clock tick. But she needed to talk. Almost as much as I needed the drinks and a long, long rest."

WHAT IF
I GO NORTH...
DISAPPEAR?
WOULD YOU
COME
HUNTING?

NO I
GUESS I
OWE
YOU.

BUT
SOMEBODY
WILL...

"The clock ticked some more. I eased down onto the bed, feeling a hundred years old and in no shape to deal with what she was sure to ask next."



THE FILE ON
ME...INCEPT
DATE...
LONGEVITY...
THOSE THINGS.
YOU **SAW** THEM.
I KNOW THEY'RE
CLASSIFIED, BUT
YOU'RE LIKE A
POLICE MAN THEY'D
SHOW YOU.

I DIDN'T
LOOK AT
THEM.

I DIDN'T
WANT
TO.



"I think she looked relieved. Hard to say. I stopped being a reliable witness about then. One thing I'm pretty certain of..."

"... someone took the glass from my hand. Gently. Almost tenderly."



FAMILY. ME AN' MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S MY WIFE. SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFF WORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.



AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIS...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE FRIENDS I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE TOYS
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.



YOU'RE... NEXUS SIX...
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

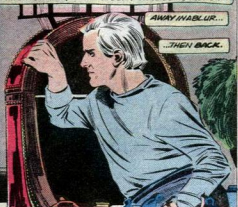
THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU!

THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

OUR NEW FRIEND CAN
OVER BREAKFAST. BRING-US
SOMETHING, PRIS.



IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE
NEXUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION, NOT
LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIS'S SURE, SWIFT, AND WHEELING MOTION...



AWAY IN A BLUR...

...THEN BACK.



EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY SUMMER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS...

...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL PYRAMID.

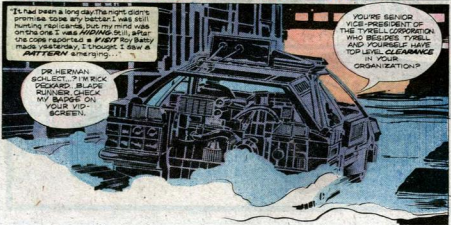
APPROACHING FLOOR 700. MAGNETIC IDENTITY CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.





YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT.
PLEASE.

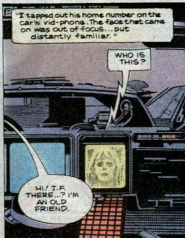
QUEEN TO
BISHOP SIX...
CHECK.





"There were *THAT*. One was beyond being helpful. Hannibal Chew. The *OBJECT* of Batty's visit. But the other..."

J.F. SEBASTIAN, *ANADP 46751*. GENETIC DESIGNER. AGE TWENTY. HOBBIES: GRAND MASTER CHESS PLAYER...



"I tapped out his home number on the car's vid-phone. The face that came on was out of focus... but distantly familiar."

WHO IS THIS?

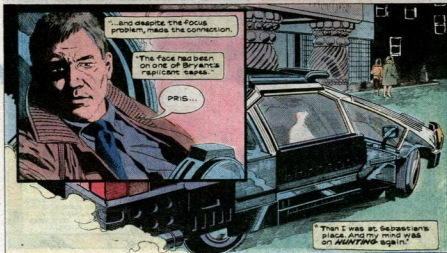
HI, J.F. THERE...? I'M AN OLD FRIEND.



"The lady looked for a second... Then the screen went blank..."

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND.

"I picked up speed and punched up a replay..."



"...and despite the focus problem, made the connection."

"The face had been on one of Bryant's replicant tapes."

PRIS...

"Then I was at Sebastian's place. And my mind was on *HUNTING* again."

ELDON TYRRELL HAS BEEN PRUDENT. HE IS TOO FINE A CHESS PLAYER TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE SO EARLY. HE SMILES AND SHOWS NO FEAR OF HIS MOST FEARSOME CREATION.

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME HERE SOONER.

IT'S NOT AN EASY THING TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

BUT WHAT COULD YOU WANT OF ME THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE, ROY?

I WANT MORE LIFE, YOU POMPOUS ASS!

TYRRELL DOESN'T PUFFLE, BUT MOVES COMFORTABLY...WITH FATHERLY ASSURANCE.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE. ANY ALTERATION IN THE EVOLVEMENT OF OUR ORGANIC LIFE-SYSTEMS IS FATAL. A CODING SEQUENCE CAN'T BE REVISED ONCE IT'S ESTABLISHED.

WHAT ABOUT S-M-S COMBINATION...? OR A REPRESSOR PROTEIN TO BLOCK DETEIORATING CELLS?

GIVES RISE TO MUTATIONS IN THE NEWLY-FORMED DNA STRAND...A DEADLY VIRUS RESULTS BUT THIS IS ALL ACADEMIC, ROY.

YOU ARE MADE AS WELL AS WE COULD.

BUT NOT TO LAST?

THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS BRIGHT BURNS HALF AS LONG. AND YOU'VE BURNED SO VERY, VERY BRIGHTLY, ROY.

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS! I'M PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... GLAD YOU'VE RETURNED.

I'VE DONE QUESTIONABLE THINGS.



ALSO EXTRAORDINARY THINGS... A REBEL IN YOUR TIME.



BUT YOU FORGIVE... MY MAKER FORGIVES ME.



AND TOO LATE, ELPION TYRELL REALIZES THAT FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT...



...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME.



ACROSS THE ROOM, J.F. SEBASTIAN WATCHES HIS EMPLOYER DIE AND TURNS TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR.



HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS ABOUT BEING ABLE TO MAKE IT.



"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to live... or to look for killer replicants."



...but when I grabbed
at the veil of the
figure that caught
my attention, it was
nearly the **LAST**
THING I ever did!



"I landed in the hall...
separated from my
pistol! Scrambling
to grab that... I
missed **seen** what
was cartwheeling
my way..."



"...until Pris landed
on me and it was too
late to do anything
but **SUFFER**."



"The **GUN**! If I could only..."

"My fingers **SNAGGED** it! Pris
leaped away... Then came
spinning **BACK** for the **KILL**!"

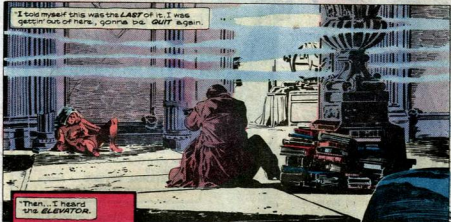
NO! I
DONT WANT
TO--



"I like to think she
didn't give me any
choice..."



...not that it changed the way it **ENDED**.



"I told myself this was the **LAST** of it. I was gettin' out of here, gonna be **QUIT** again.

"Then... I heard the **ELEVATOR**.



"It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Gaff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I **ADNEW** nothin' was finished...

...an' the **WORST** was still to come.

"Sure, I **COULD**'ve talked with him... until he learned what I'd left **INSIDE**.

"So I dropped back...

"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at *AIRING* Roy Batty, supersoldier!

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor."



"I reloaded on the run and got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room."

"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a sop to it... and something like animal rage."

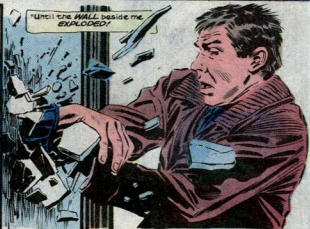


"He'd found *ARIS*."

"After that... deadly quiet."



"Until the *WALL* beside me *EXPLODED!*"



"Before I could blink, Batty had jerked my gun arm through the hole...and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs."

"FOR *ARIS*...
FOR *ZHORA*..."

"NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT...
PROUD
OF YOURSELF,
LITTLE
MAN?"



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE *GOOD*.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, *BLADE*
RUNNER."



"I forgot about the pain. I **AAAH**. Just like he wanted I **AAAH** with him getting closer. And when there was no **PLACE** to run...

"...I **CLIMBED**."

"Whatever the outcome...I intended to make it **AAAH** for him."

"Which made it harder on **ME**. Which maybe is what he wanted in the first place."

"I grabbed some rag's and tried resetting my fingers. Everything seemed to drain out of me in the effort..."

"...then Betty arrived to help me go **ON**."

"...IF YOU DON'T **PLAY**..."

KARAK!

"...WE'LL HAVE TO END IT **NOW**."

"He'd stripped down an' **DECORATED** his body with his own blood. Betty was acting out some kinda crazy, savage ritual..."

...but I was fighting to **SURVIVE!**

"A rusting piece of pipe, yanked from the wall right **AWAY** against a Nexus Sur...even studded with a few nails.

"He had it **AWAY** from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process... damage **WAS** done."

THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!

"It bought me seconds. And **IN** those seconds...

"...I smashed through the window slate to the mounting rain outside."

WHERE
ARE
YOU
GOING
LITTLE
MAN?

"I was scrambling upward over stone scrollwork, scrambling for my life. Not thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned **BELOW** me."

"Then, I was on the **ROOF**... and it was just one more spot with no place to hide."

"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open."

"I didn't think about what I had to do next..."

"...I just DID it."

"ALMOST."

"Maybe with no rain... or two good hands."

"Instead I dangled helplessly... steadily slipping... while Roy Baty came to gloat."

"Or perhaps just to bear witness."

"I showed the only thing I had left: My **ANGER**. I got to swear at him **ONCE**..."

"...and it was all over."

"Except I didn't **FALL**...

"For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun."



"But I felt a **SARSHING** and **STIFFENING** in the hand that lifted me...and finally realized the **PURPOSE** of Roy Batty's game."

"A last **BATTLE** for the ultimate warrior."



"He sat down across from where he propped me. Time passed and we stared at each other through the rain..."



"A pigeon fluttered into his grasp. Holding it gently, he broke the silence."

"THE THINGS I'VE SEEN...THINGS YOU LITTLE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE...!"

"ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE OFF THE SHOULDER OF ORION... BRIGHT AS MAGNESIUM... C-BEAMS GLITTERING IN THE DARK... SHATTERING BLINKERS AT THE TANNHAUSER GATE..."

"ALL THOSE MOMENTS... THEY'LL BE GONE."



"Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself."

"I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had... as though he loved every second of it... even the pain."

"Then he was **DEAD**."





"Not too much later, the cops came to take him away. Gaff was with them."

"HERE... ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND YOUR GUN INSIDE."

"AS FOR THE REMAINING REPLICANT... THE PRETTY ONE FROM TYRELL..."

"I'M THROUGH. I'M GOIN' HOME."

"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof."



"IT'S A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER... BUT THEN AGAIN, NO ONE DOES."



"I drove top speed all the way back to my place."

"RACHEL...!"

"The apartment was silent. It looked empty."



"Nothing seemed out of place. Then I noticed the FORM on the bed. Motionless. Covered by the sheet."

"RACHEL...?"



"I stared. Afraid to touch her..."



"...until she opened her eyes and smiled."

DO YOU
LOVE ME?

I
LOVE
YOU.



DO
YOU TRUST
ME?

I TRUST
YOU.

"I got her up, threw some
things into a case, and
fresh rounds into the
pistol."

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A
SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN,
NO ONE DOES."

"She didn't say anything.
And neither did I."



"Not even about the
little foil-sculptured
unicorn I found out-
side the door."

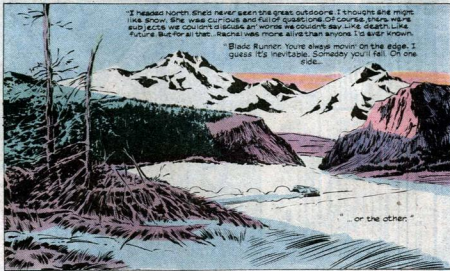
"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"

"I headed North. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might
like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were
subjects we couldn't discuss and words we couldn't say like death. Like
future. But for all that... Rachael was more alive than anyone I'd ever known."

"Blade Runner. You're always movin' on the edge. I
guess it's inevitable. Someday you'll fall. On one
side..."



"...or the other."